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This little Book conveys the Greetings of

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to

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A VISIT from St. NICHOLAS

By Clement C. Moore

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Boston
The Atlantic Monthly Press
1921

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M

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas
soon would be there;
The children were nestled
all snug in their beds
While visions of sugar-plums
danced through their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief,
and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains
for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn
there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed
to see what was the matter.
Away to the window
I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters
and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast
of the new-fallen snow

Gave a lustre of midday
to objects below,
When what to my wondering
eyes did appear,
But a miniature sleigh
and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver
so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment
he must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles
his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted,
and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer!
now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid!
on, Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch!
to the top of the wall!

Now dash away! dash away!
dash away, all!"
As leaves that before
the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle,
mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop
the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys,
and St. Nicholas too—
And then, in a twinkling,
I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing
of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head,
and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas
came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur,
from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys
he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler
just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled!
his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses,
his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth
was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin
was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe
he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled
his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face
and a little round belly

That shook when he laughed,
like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,
a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him
in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye
and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know
I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word,
but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings;
then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger
aside of his nose,
And giving a nod,
up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh,
to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew
like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim
ere he drove out of sight—
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL
AND TO ALL A GOOD
NIGHT!"

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¶ *Designed by Bruce Rogers and printed by William Edwin Rudge, Mount Vernon, N. Y. The text is that of the original (1837) edition. The woodcuts are by Florence Wyman Ivins.*